

pkce in the glittering *MSmoires d'Outre-Tombe*; but Chateau-briand, though ^ Foreign Minister and an Ambassador for a short time, was primarily a Man of Letters. Like Talleyrand, Guizot lost power about the age of sixty, but, unlike him, he never expected a recall to the stage. Living to a great age in his quiet Norman home, surrounded by his books and documents, he had time to recount his story in elaborate detail. He was moreover a historian by profession, writing easily and clearly, and a publicist of the first rank. His eight volumes, published 1858-67, describe not only the eight years when he was virtually the ruler of France but the decades of apprenticeship. It is an imposing achievement no more to be ignored than that of Clarendon himself.

" Thuoydides and Macchiavelli wrote contemporary history," declared Gui2ot; ** why should I not do the same ? " His apologia is measured, impersonal, Uncomplaining, for, though his father had been guillotined, he believed in the divine ordering of the world. Serenely confident in his gospel of the *ju\$tt milieu*, ordered liberty, the middle way between lawless revolution and sterile autocracy, he watched the Second Empire with disapproval but without despair. Limited monarchy and a limited franchise seemed to him the last word in political science. He found his model in the England of the Reform Bill, served its French equivalent in the Bourgeois Monarchy, and perished in its fell. He may be described as a Liberal Conservative or as a Whig of the school of Lord G^y. Caressing the illusion of finality, like Metternich, he never changed and he never grew. " Je suis de ceux .que Telan de 1789 a 61ev& et qui ne consentiront point & descendre." Under the restored Bourbons he found himself on the Left, under Louis Philippe on the Right. There is an irony in the fate of

greatest champion of constitutional monarchy at home and abroad, whose opposition even to a moderate extension of the franchise ruined the cause he had at heart. That men of property and education were alone competent to vote seemed to him an axiom. Like Tocqueville he was terrified by numbers. The significance of the rise of the Fourth Estate escaped him, for he could never emerge from his bourgeois limitations nor realise that one class is not a good judge of the feelings and needs of another. He had no eyes for the social question. Contemptuously rejecting the outworn principles of the *ancien régime*, he forgot that the Fourth Estate might in turn challenge the Apolitical monopoly of the Third, insist on a